

*Pro.* And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:  
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,  
Especially against his very friend.

*Du.* Where your good word cannot aduantage him,  
Your slander neuer can endamage him;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being intreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it  
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue loue to him:  
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,  
It followes not that she will loue fir *Thurio*.

*Th.* Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;  
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,  
You must prouide to bottome it on me:  
Which must be done, by praising me as much  
As you, in worth dispraise, fir *Valentine*.

*Du.* And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,  
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)  
You are already loues firme votary,  
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.  
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue access,  
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.  
For she is lumpish, heauy, mellancholly,  
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;  
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,  
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can doe, I will effect:  
But you fir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:  
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires  
By walefull Sonnets, whose compos'd Rimes  
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.

*Du.* I much is the force of heaven-bred Poetic.

*Pro.* Say that vpon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:  
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares  
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,  
That may discouer such integrity:  
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,  
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and stones;  
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*  
Forake vnfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.  
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,  
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window  
With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments  
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence  
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:  
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

*Du.* This discipline, shewes thou hast bin in loue.

*Th.* And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise:  
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,  
Let vs into the City presently  
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.  
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne  
To giue the on-set to thy good aduise.

*Du.* About it Gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Du.* Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-laws.*

*1. Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

*2. Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.

*3. Out.* Stand fir, and throw vs that you haue about ye.  
If not: we'll make you fir, and rifle you.

*Sp.* Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines  
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.

*Val.* My friends.

*1. Out.* That's not so, fir: we are your enemies.

*2. Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.

*3. Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

*Val.* Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;

A man I am, crost'd with aduersitie:

My riches, are these poore habiliments,  
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I haue.

*2. Out.* Whether trauell you?

*Val.* To Verona.

*1. Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From Milan.

*3. Out.* Haue you long sojourn'd there? (staid,  
*Val.* Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue  
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

*1. Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

*Val.* I was.

*2. Out.* For what offence?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse;  
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,  
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

*1. Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

*2. Out.* Haue you the Tongues?

*Val.* My youthfull traualle, therein made me happy,  
Or else I often had bene often miserable.

*3. Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hood's* fat Fryer,  
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

*1. Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.

*Sp.* Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theuery.

*Val.* Peace villaine.

*2. Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

*3. Out.* Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,

Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awfull men.

My selfe was from Verona banished,

For practising to steale away a Lady,

And heire and Neece, aliue vnto the Duke.

*2. Out.* And I from Mantua, for a Gentleman,

Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.

*1. Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these,

But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;

And partly seeing you are beautifide

With goodly shape; and by your owne report,

A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we doe in our quality much want.

*2. Out.* Indeepe because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, about the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our Generall?

To make a vertue of necessity,

And liue as we doe in this wildernesse?

*3. Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:

We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

*1. Out.*

*1. Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.

*2. Out.* Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fer'd.  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women, or poore passengers.

*3. Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.  
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,  
And show thee all the Treasure we haue got; to haue  
Which, with our selues, all rest at thy disposal. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Host, Musitian, Silvia.*

*Pro.* Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*,  
And now I must be as vniust to *Thurio*,  
Vnder the colour of commending him,  
I haue access'd my owne loue to prefer.  
But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;  
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,  
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne  
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;  
And notwithstanding all her todaine quips,  
The least whereof would quell a louers hope:  
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,  
The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;  
But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,  
And giue some euening Musique to her care.

*Th.* How now, fir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?

*Pro.* I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue

Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.

*Th.* I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.

*Th.* Who, *Silvia*?

*Pro.* I, *Silvia*, for your sake.

*Th.* I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen

Let's tune: and to o it lustily a while.

*Ho.* Now, my yong guest; me thinks your allycholly;

I pray you why is it?

*Iu.* Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.

*Ho.* Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where

you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that

you ask'd for.

*Iu.* But shall I heare him speake.

*Ho.* I that you shall.

*Iu.* That will be Musique.

*Ho.* Harke, harke.

*Iu.* Is he among these?

*Ho.* I: but peace, let's heare 'em.

*Song.* Who is *Silvia*? what is she?

That all our Swaines commend her?

Holy, faire, and wise is she,

The heauen such grace did lend her;

that she might admired be.

Is she kinde as she is faire?

For beauty liues with kindnesse:

Lone doth to her eyes repaire,

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And be

Then to Si

That Silvia

She excels

Vpon the d

To her le

*Ho.* How now? are

How doe you, man?

*Iu.* You mistake:

*Ho.* Why, my prett

*Iu.* He plaies false

*Ho.* How, out of tu

*Iu.* Not so; but ye

So false that he grieues

*Ho.* You haue a qu

*Iu.* I, I would I we

*Ho.* I perceiue you

*Iu.* Not a whit, wh

*Ho.* Harke, what fin

*Iu.* I: that change

*Ho.* You would haue

*Iu.* I would alwaies

But *Host*, doth this Sir

Often resort vnto this

*Ho.* I tell you what

He lou'd her out of all

*Iu.* Where is *Lauin*

*Ho.* Gone to seeke

Masters command, the

Lady.

*Iu.* Peace, stand asie

*Pro.* Sir *Thurio*, feare

That you shall say, my

*Th.* Where meete v

*Pro.* At Saint *Gregor*

*Th.* Farewell.

*Pro.* Madam: good

*Sil.* I thanke you fo

Who is that that spake

*Pro.* One (Lady) if

You would quickly lea

*Sil.* Sir *Protheus*, as

*Pro.* Sir *Protheus* (ge

*Sil.* What's your wi

*Pro.* That I may com

*Sil.* You haue your

That presently you hie

Thou subtil, periur'd,

Think'st thou I am so

To be seduced by thy

That has't deceiu'd so

Returne, returne, and m

For me (by this pale lea

I am so farre from gran

That I despise thee, for

And by and by intend

Euen for this time I spe

*Pro.* I grant (sweet

But she is dead.

*Iu.* 'Twere false, if I

For I am sure she is not

*Sil.* Say that she be

Survives; to whom (th

I am betroth'd; and ar

To wrong him, with th